

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

[VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1806.

No. 44.]

THE POLISH CHIEFTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE
AUTHOR OF
"ABALLINO."

[Continued.]

BERODSKO, who had waited with in and heard the result, now entered, when Barbaro informed him that Malcar and Lianskoi were taken, with their swords in hand, rushing through his palace, and demanding to be shewn to his sacred person, and that he had detained Seraphia as an evidence of their traitorous guilt.

"Surely their object was to kill you!" said Barbaro.

"That will now be *our* object," said Berodsko, "In the mean time Seraphia shall remain here till the course of the law has taken its effect.—See that she is well taken care of, and guarded: let also the deserter, whose evidence is so important to us, be guarded with a centinel before his apartment, that he do not, on any pretence, be absent the day when we shall have occasion for his important testimony!—And now, Barbaro, as a small reward for your faithful services, I promise you, when Malcar's head shall grin upon the ruined walls which overlook the horrid dell of death, that you shall be lord of his estates, by our royal grant."

At Barbaro's suggestion, Berodsko now returned to the company, who still

were in the saloon, to whom he apologized for his absence, and announced that great and important events had taken place in the course of the evening, the result of which, would appear in a few days.

A council was immediately called of the confidants and ministers of Berodsko, to whom Barbaro explained the attack which had been made on the royal apartments, the marked object of which needed no comment: he should therefore move that a charge of high treason be preferred against Malcar; and that Lianskoi, from the evidence of Roulotz, the deserter, who had made an ample confession, and which came in strong corroboration of what had been advanced on that evening privately by Seraphia to Berodsko, be attainted of the murder of Woronof.

The council immediately decreed this, and appointed that day fortnight for the trial, of which notice was to be given to the prisoners. The care of Seraphia was awarded to Berodsko; and Roulotz, upon conviction of Lianskoi, was to receive the reward for the discovery of the assassin.

In the mean time Seraphia remained in the statue apartment, attended only by a girl, who, it was evident, had received strict orders to answer no questions, nor convey the slightest information. Two folding-doors on one side of the room concealed a bed, which was destined to be the dreary couch of the unhappy maid till

she yielded to the love of the tyrant. Her only comfort now was in prayer; her only hope in the blessed Virgin, and her determination to perish, if her innocence were endangered.

Thus passed three days, in which she was but for a short time visited by the Baron, who each time renewed more warmly the subject of his passion, and ascribed the detention of her father and herself entirely to her own unnatural resistance,

The next day processes at law were made out against Malcar and Lianskoi: the whole country were astonished, and every one heard with a sigh that two men so highly esteemed, were to be tried for crimes which mocked all belief. The trial was to be holden in the tapestry chamber, which lay on the side of the saloon where the ball had been given: every preparation was made for fitting it up in the most solemn style on the occasion, and seats were raised round the further end, suitable to the gradation of dignity of those who were to be present. In the centre was the chair of state of Berodsko, over-hung by a canopy of golden fringed velvet.—The Archbishop of Norogod was to administer the oath to the witnesses; and to give the greater solemnity to the solemn scene, the whole was to be at night, by taper-light.

Young Lianskoi, separated from, and ignorant of the destiny of Malcar, shuddered when he received the accusation on

which he was to be tried.—'Dark are the ways of Providence!' exclaimed he, as he paced his prison room, 'but darker is the soul of my brother Berodsko. I am to be sacrificed, that he may tear my Seraphia from me!—then will she become the wife of the tyrant. Incomprehensible too is the audacity which would make me an assassin on evidence; which would destroy me rather by a public process, than by the hand of a hired bravo!—O my Seraphia, be thou but firm, and heaven will not be unfaithful to its injured children!'

It may be observed here, that Lianskoi was ignorant that from the nature of Seraphia's vow, made before the crucifix, it was necessary he should be legally convicted of the crime which was to render the Baron's path more accessible to the heart of his beloved. His passion, however, like that of the libertine, which is swayed, not by virtue, but by the most ignoble impulses, was not to be restrained by the slow advances which the removal of her prejudices, and a tender attention, would require; it burst into an ardent flame, that now consumed all the outworks of pity and respect. He planted an unhallowed kiss on the trembling lips of the beauteous maid, and, in spite of her remonstrances and shrieks, he seized her as the lion bears off the tender lamb, and swore that love and possession should be no longer at variance. He was advancing towards the recess, when a massy figure in complete armour, with its casque and nodding plume, stepped off from the pedestal on which it seemed to be placed, and in three strides it stood between him and the foot of the couch. Holding the lamp in one hand, and a projected dagger in the other, it shook its head thrice, and then uttered in a hollow terrific tone, 'Thy reign is short! at the trial, parricide, thou shalt behold me again.'

Horror-struck at the vision, Berodsko sunk insensible on the floor, as the words "Spirit of my father!" died away on his lips.—During the confusion Seraphia escaped from his hand; and the spirit bidding her trust in heaven's omnipresence, extinguished the lamp and disappeared. It was some time before the tyrant recovered his powers; and then he immediately quitted the chamber of terror, to relate the extraordinary event to Barbaro. They soon returned with lights to see if the appearance yet remained; but no

vestige of it was visible, nor could Seraphia explain the providential mystery.

When they had shut the door, Barbaro turned the King's alarm into ridicule: "Away with such infant weakness!" said he—"Did not this trusty arm terminate his career?—Is he not buried by Roulotz, in the waters of the Wolga?—Believe me, he sleeps too secure to rise again.—It is your spirit which is disturbed, and not his. Compose yourself, and all will soon be well."

'Oh,' said Berodsko, 'it was an awful look! it struck back through my heart, the mortal blow which I planted in his.—At the trial,' it said, 'We shall meet again!'

"Let us wave the consideration of that," said Barbaro, 'till the trial comes on; and in the mean time, care must be taken that Seraphia be detained here on that day, lest her evidence may prove too much, and rather exculpate, than criminate her favourite Lianskoi.'

When they quitted the room, Seraphia knelt in speechless gratitude to the Great Disposer of Events, and prayed that he would continue his protection in all the future hours of distress.—Such was the shock Berodsko had received, that he relaxed in the constancy of his attendance, and proposed to the injured daughter of Malcar to suspend her father's trial, and even liberate Lianskoi, if she would bury in silence whatever had passed, and accept the offer of his throne and bed:—but Seraphia rejected every offer with disdain, and bid him tremble at the world to come!

He had renewed his suit on the evening before the trial with a more than usual energy.—He had, with Barbaro, been at a banquet, and both were heated with the juice of the grape: in this state, the beautiful maid looked doubly enchanting, as she sat arrayed in all the softness of pensive melancholy.—He called for wine, and sent for Barbaro to share in the revels of Bacchus and Beauty; but the artful minister, who had a passion lurking within his own breast, equal to that of his unprincipled Prince, amused him with such potent libations to the amorous god, that he at length sunk insensible on the floor, and lay, the disgraceful portrait of intemperance and sensuality. This was a glorious golden opportunity, which had

never yet occurred to Barbaro, to get the fair Seraphia into his possession!—so closely had Berodsko guarded the keys of her private apartment. Cautiously now, did Barbaro extract these instruments from the vest of Berodsko, and taking the candle, descended from the saloon to the statue chamber, in the recess of which lay Seraphia. It was midnight: all was hushed in the castle, save the creaking which he made in slowly opening the rusty lock. He entered, and found the unsuspecting angel sleeping, devoid of guilt and fear. The upper-clothing had partly fallen off her bosom, on which rested an arm of the most delicate whiteness. The beautiful symmetry of her limbs appeared through the flexile drapery, and the whole contour was an outline of Paphian elegance and voluptuousness. The moment was not to be resisted, nor delayed—seizing her hand, the eager Barbaro pressed his lips upon her hallowed neck, and she awakened!—She beheld the visage of the dreadful Barbaro hanging over her, and palely illuminated by the twinkling light, saw the ghastly smile of satisfaction which it wore.—He was about to speak, but the sudden shriek which Seraphia uttered, made him retire a few paces, as it seemed to reverberate through all the arched vaults of the gallery; Barbaro now drew a dagger, and cautioning her not to alarm where all exclamation would be fruitless, he pointed the weapon to the seat of life, and gave her the alternative, either to gratify his passion, ensure her safety by flight, or consent to that of Berodsko, and be eternally imprisoned in her present chamber! but the unconscious maid, made no reply:—she sunk resistless on the bed in a fainting fit. The barbarian had encircled her form with his arms, when the sound of a footstep drew his attention to the dark part of the room.—It stepped from the pedestal; a loud groan announced its approach; and as it stalked solemnly to the ferocious Barbaro, in a voice of terror it articulated the word "murderer!"

Clad in the long habit of a black friar, Barbaro beheld the face of Woronof, and saw in his hand the bloody banner.—The appearance now seized the dagger which Barbaro had put into his girdle, and drawing forth its powerful arm, clad in dark armour, it motioned for the villain to retire. Still, however, Barbaro, unwilling to relinquish his victim, retained his grasp, and even looked menacingly at the

dreadful, unwelcome, visitor ;—but the figure now striking with its arm upon the wall, a dreadful blast sounded from behind the pedestal, and the clatter of armed men and warlike weapons, seemed to approach.—In a moment three terrific figures rushed in with torches, advanced to the appalled Barbaro, who now stood aghast, and raised their poniards to pierce him to the heart.

[To be continued.]

SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ASSASSINATION OF PAUL,

LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

[From Carr's Northern Summer.]

IT was the custom of the Emperor to sleep in an outer apartment next to the Empress's, upon a sofa, in his regimentals and boots, whilst the grand duke and duchess, and the rest of the imperial family were lodged at various distances, in apartments below the story which he occupied. On the 10th of March, (O. S.) 1801, the day preceding the fatal night, whether Paul's apprehensions, or the anonymous information, suggested the idea, is not known ; but conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent to Count P. the governor of the city, one of the noblemen who had resolved on his destruction : "I am informed, P—," said the Emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me. Do you think it necessary to take any precaution?" The Count, without betraying the least emotion, replied, "Sire, do not suffer such apprehensions to haunt your mind ; If there were any combination forming against your Majesty's person, I am sure I should be acquainted with it."—"Then I am satisfied," replied the Emperor, and the Governor withdrew.

Before Paul retired to rest, he unexpectedly expressed the most tender regard for the Empress and his children ; kissed them with all the warmth of farewell fondness, and remained with them longer than usual : and, after he had visited the centinels at their different posts, he retired to his chamber ; where he had not long remained, before, under some coloured pretext that satisfied the men,

the guards were changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and were engaged in the confederacy. An hussar, whom the Emperor had particularly honoured by his notice and attention, always at night slept at his bed-room door, in the anti-chamber. It was impossible to remove this faithful soldier by any fair means.—At this momentous period, silence reigned throughout the palace, except where it was disturbed by the pacing of the centinels, or at a distance, by the murmurs of the Neva ; and only a few lights were to be seen, distantly and irregularly gleaming through the windows of this dark, colossal abode. In the dead of the night, Z— and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the draw-bridge, easily ascended the staircase, which led to Paul's chamber, and met with no resistance till they reached the anti-chamber ; when the faithful hussar, awakened by the noise challenged them, and presented his fusée. Much as they must all have admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of any act of generosity, which might have endangered the whole plan. Z— drew his sabre, and cut the poor fellow down. Paul, awakened by the noise, sprung from his sofa. At this moment, the whole party rushed into the room. The unhappy sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself in the chairs and tables ; then recovering, he assumed a high tone—told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. Finding they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely upon him, and continued advancing towards him, he implored them to spare his life—declared his consent to relinquish his sceptre, and to accept of any terms that they would dictate. In his ravings, he offered to make them princes, and to give them estates, and titles, and orders, without end.

They now began to press upon him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window : In the attempt he failed ; and, indeed, so high was it from the ground that, had he succeeded, the expedition would only have put a more instantaneous period to his misery. In the effort he very severely cut his hand with the glass ; and, as they drew him back, he grasped a chair, with which, he felled one of his assailants, and a desperate resistance took place. So great was the noise, that, notwithstanding the massy walls and thick

folding doors which divided the apartments, the Empress was disturbed, and began to cry for help ; when a voice whispered in her ear, and imperatively told her to remain quiet ; otherwise, if she uttered another word, she should be put to instant death.

While the Emperor was thus making his last struggle, the Prince Y— struck him on one of his temples with his fist, and laid him upon the floor. Paul, recovering from the blow, again implored his life. At this moment the heart of Prince Y— relented ; and, upon his being observed to tremble and hesitate, a young Hanoverian resolutely exclaimed, "We have passed the Rubicon ; if we spare his life, before the setting of tomorrow's sun, we shall be his victims!" Upon which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the naked neck of the Emperor, and giving one end to Z—, and holding the other end himself, they pulled for a considerable time, and with all their force, until their miserable sovereign was no more. They then retired from the palace, without the least molestation, to their respective homes. What occurred after their departure, can be better conceived, than depicted. Medical aid was resorted to ; but in vain : and upon the breathless body of the Emperor, fell the tears of his widowed Empress, and children, and domestics ; nor was genuine grief ever more forcibly and feelingly displayed, than by him on whose brow the melancholy event had planted the crown.

So passed away this night of horror ; and thus perished a prince, to whom nature was severely bountiful. The acuteness and pungency of his feelings, were incompatible with happiness : unnatural prejudice pressed upon the fibre, too finely spun, and snapped it.

Lines written on the blank leaf of Melmoth
"On the Sublime and Beautiful," &c.
presented to Miss Eliza Borr.

To fair Eliza's hand consign'd,
Melmoth, how light your duty ?
You've but SUELIMITY to find ;
I've pointed out the BEAUTY.

Who seldom speaks, and with one calm
well timid word can strike dumb the lo-
quacious—is a genius or a hero.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

Sir,
I send you the following very singular relation, in the hope that you will give it a place in your miscellany.
Yours,
A. N.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

HOW irresistible is the power of conscience! It is a viper which twines itself round the heart, and cannot be shook off. It lays fast hold of us; it lies down with us, and stings us in our sleep. It rises with us, and preys upon our vitals. Hence ancient moralists compared an evil conscience to a vulture feeding upon our liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one, to the throes of the other; supposing at the same time, the vulture's hunger to be insatiable, and this entrail to be most exquisitely sensible of pain, and to grow as fast as it is devoured. What can be a stronger representation of the most lingering and most acute corporeal pains? Yet, strong as it is, it falls greatly short of the anguish of a guilty conscience. Imagination, when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled, it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What must have been the state of the mind of Bessus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, when he disclosed the following authenticated fact! His neighbours seeing him one day extremely earnest in pulling down some birds nests, and passionately destroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraiding him with his ill-nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that, by nestling so near him, seemed to court his protection and hospitality; he replied, *that their voice was to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him with the murder of his father.*

This execrable villainy had lain concealed many years, and never been suspected. In all probability it never would have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conscience drawn, by these extraordinary means, a public acknowledgment of it from the paricide's own mouth.

Bessus is not the only person that has stood self-convicted. Though the discovery has not been distinguished by such a strange circumstance; many have made a voluntary confession, and sought for a

refuge from the torments of conscience in death. What a lesson for all men to keep a conscience void of offence!

WE SELECT THE FOLLOWING EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF

THE RIGOURS OF JUSTICE

EXECUTED ON A FATHER,

BY HIS SON.

A certain grocer of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning that country afforded, obtained the post of Naib, that is, deputy of the Cadi, and as such, visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all who sold by retail. As he was one day executing his office, the neighbours, who were sufficiently acquainted with his father's character, to know that it was necessary for him to be cautious, advised him to conceal the weights he commonly used, and replace them with others that would bear the strictest scrutiny. But the grocer smiled at their advice, and, depending on his relation to the inspector, who, he thought, would never expose him to a public affront, waited carelessly for his coming.

The Naib, who had reason to suspect his father's dishonest practices, was determined to detect his villainy, and make him an example of public justice. Accordingly, he stooped at his door, and desired him to bring out his weights, that they might be examined. The grocer endeavoured to evade this command with a smile, but was soon convinced that his son was in earnest, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing the instruments of his fraud, after the most impartial examination, condemned and broken to pieces. Nor did his shame and punishment end here; for the Naib sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet: the usual punishment for such offences.

The sentence being executed, the Naib leaped from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and wetting them with his tears, cried, "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to pay the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it hath no regard to father or son. God and our

neighbour's rights are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment; you would in the end have received it from some other hand. I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and instead of blaming me, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."

FEMALE DRESS.

"*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*"—The new policy and religion of France, have occasioned an attempt to render the embellishments of the female person in that country more consistent with private decency and public morals; and one of the most fashionable journals of the day has introduced in its pages a discourse on the *Nudities des Femmes*, which will be found to deserve the attention of the Belles of the British capital. In the time of Pliny a transparent garment had been invented by a lady named Pamphilia, which received the classical and appropriate appellations of woven winds and flaxen clouds. In France it seems that this airy costume commenced with Isabel of Bavaria, the consort of Charles VI. It was subsequently patronized under the auspices of the voluptuous Catharine of Medicia, in the reigns of the second Henry and the ninth Charles. It was suppressed at the conclusion of the reign of Louis the fourteenth, and was revived under his successor, with all the excess of modern impudicity; unless perhaps it was seen in its most licentious extravagance, in the person of Madame Tallien, and the votaries of pleasure by whom she was surrounded.

Among the means employed by the ingenious French moralist, to oppose the powerful influence of public taste and opinion in this particular, he cites the celebrated paper from the Guardian, which that elegant and accomplished writer addressed to the *Evites* of their time; and after commenting on the loathsome and dangerous diseases resulting from the exposure of the delicate fibres of the frame, he concludes with this sentiment—"*Braver la mort pour la gloire, c'est la courage des hommes; braver la mort pour le plaisir, c'est la courage des femmes.*"

* To brave danger for glory, is the courage of men.—To brave danger for pleasure, is the courage of women.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

It has often been asserted that to tell the sorrows which secretly prey upon the mind, though it be only to a well-known stone, or tree, soothes and pacifies the troubled breast. If, then, inanimate beings can produce such an effect, it surely needs no apology from an unfortunate female to reveal her woes where congeniality of sensation may enkindle the glow of sympathy. Suffer me, therefore, again to seek relief through your Visitor; and if this piece but find admittance there, I shall indulge the pleasing reflection that the recital of my unhappy situation has excited the commiseration of at least, one fellow-creature. The trouble of which I complain, is the most acute that ever moved a human breast; and, though I endeavour to dissemble those painful emotions, yet,

"By turns my hidden grief appears,
"In rising sighs, and falling tears."

The circumstances of my parents are not affluent, but they enjoy a happy mediocrity. My father is a mechanic of considerable celebrity in his calling, and my mother, among the circle of her acquaintance, is esteemed as a fine woman. They are both passionately fond of their children, to a degree of dotage. As I am the oldest, from childhood my conduct has been scrutinized by their guardian and providential care, for in the welfare of their children is concentrated all their happiness; and this regard which they have shewn to me was always the greatest solace of my youthful moments. Indeed, where can we find a greater source of happiness, than a kind regard, a mutuality of sentiment in those who partake of all our joys and all our sorrows?

In my former communications I avoided mentioning the immediate cause of misfortunes; in hopes that distant hints would deter Horatio from the course of conduct he then pursued, and from a wish to hide the circumstance that has encouraged him to perseverance. But, alas! I find my hopes are vanished, for he still continues to repeat his solicitations. He has obtained the good opinion of my parents, and consequently, secured their good offices in his favour.—They endeavour to persuade, to urge, and sometimes even to threaten me into a compliance with Horatio's wishes. Thence arises

my superlative misery—this it is, that by turns works up my feelings almost to phrenzy.

A father and a mother, dearly beloved as life itself, from whom have sprung all my early joys—whose kindnesses have excited in me the liveliest gratitude, and warmest filial affection; for those parents now to threaten me with a loss of their regard and esteem, unless I seal my own misery by consenting to yield my hand to the man I cannot love, is afflicting in the extreme. And yet, this proceeds from the same tender solicitude they have always felt for my welfare.—Oh, fond, deluded parents! could I but discover to you the inmost recesses of my soul, how soon would you be convinced of the injury I sustain, you would then no more think, that

"Though equal pains my peace of mind destroy,
"A lover's torments give me prudish joy."

No; far be it from me to indulge a sentiment so repugnant to the dictates of reason and humanity. Though Eliza chides me for being a coquette, and Lucretia, for rejecting the proffers of Horatio, I feel that I am right in my determination—My heart revolves, and prudence approves.

To act contrary to the requisitions of a parent, is generally conceived to be a breach of filial duty, and I must add, frequently amounts to the blackest ingratitude; but in cases like mine, allowance must be made.—Where the exercise of judgment only is required, the advice of parents ought almost invariably to be followed. But can an aged parent realize a lover's feelings? Are they the best judges of these mutual sympathies that fit two persons to be united,

....."And in one fate,
"Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings
blend?"

What is the consequence of a union of hands, without a union of hearts? Why

"Foul suspicion, and base insensibility;
"At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
"And joyless inhumanity pervades
"And petrifies the heart."

Not so with those "whom gentler stars unite" whose hands go only in union with their hearts; there

....."The seasons,
"As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
"Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
"Sheds her own rosy garlands on their heads;

"Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
"When after the long vernal day of life,
"Enamoured more, as more remembrance swells
"With many a proof of recollected love,
"Together, down they sink in social sleep:
"Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
"To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

BELINDA.

ANECDOTES OF EDMUND BURKE.

Is there any of Cicero's satirical puns half so severe as Mr. Burke's on the word *majesty*, for which he did not always profess the same reverence as of late? In a conversation on the subject with Dr. Beattie—"Ah! Doctor," said he, "strip MAJESTY of its exteriors, (the first and last letters) and it becomes A JEST."

Mr. Burke made a very beautiful allusion to the rising effulgence of Mr. Townshend's genius and power, while those of the Earl of Chatham appeared to be rapidly declining. "Before this splendid orb," said the orator, "was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, from this hour, became lord of the ascendant."

On one occasion, Mr. Burke's quick sense of indignity discovered itself by flight. He had just risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. Burke was so swoln, or rather so nearly suffocated with rage, as to be at the instant incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the house. On this occasion George Selwyn remarked, that it was the only time he ever saw the fable realized, *a Lion put to flight, by the braying of an Ass.*

He who can despise nothing, can value nothing with propriety; and who can value nothing, has no right to despise any thing.

A MADAGASCAR SONG.

A mother was dragging her only daughter to the beach, in order to sell her to the white men.

"O mother, thy bosom bore me: I was the first fruit of thy love: what crime have I committed to deserve a life of slavery? I alleviate the sorrows of thy age. For thee I labour the ground: for thee I gather flowers: for thee I ensnare the fish of the flood. I have defended thee from cold: I have borne thee when it was hot, into the shades of fragrant trees: I watched thee while thou slumberedst, and drove away from thy face, the stings of the moschetoes. O mother, what will become of thee when thou hast me no longer? The money thou receivest, will not give thee another daughter; thou wilt die in misery, and my bitterest grief will be that I cannot assist thee. O mother, sell not thy only daughter!"

In vain did she implore! She was sold, loaded with chains, conducted to the ship, and conveyed from her dear parent and country for ever!

LOVE.

Calculated for the meridian of the French metropolis.

When wise men love they love to folly,
When blockheads love they're melancholy,
When coxcombs love they love the fashion,
And quaintly call it the *belle passion*.

Old bachelors, who wear the willow,
May dream of love, and hug the pillow,
Whilst love in poet's fancy rhyming,
Sets all the bells of folly chiming.

But woman, lovely women, prove
The sweet varieties of love;
They can love all, but none too dearly,
Their husbands too, but not sincerely.

They'll love a thing whose outward shape,
Marks him twin brother to an ape:
They'll take a miser for his riches,
And wed a beggar without breeches:

Marry, as if in love with ruin,
A gamester, to their sure undoing,
A drunkard, raving, swearing, storming,
For the dear pleasure of reforming.

They'll wed a lord whose breath shall falter,
Whilst he is crawling from the altar:
What is there women will not do,
When they love man and money too:

On the female mode of wearing watches in the bosom.

Among our fashionable bands,
No wonder now if TIME should LINGER;
Allow'd to place his TWO RUDE HANDS,
Where others dare not lay a FINGER.

THE late empress Catharine of Russia used to present her favorites with gold boxes—Queen Elizabeth of England used to treat hers with a *box* on the ear.

SELECT SENTENCES.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterward.

It is much better to reprove than to be angry secretly.

ANECDOTE.

An Irishman went to a physician, and desired to be inoculated. The physician, agreeably to his request, proceeded to the operation: but his inoculation did not take. He repeated the operation a second and third time, but still it did not take. "I am greatly surprised," said the doctor. "Not so much as I am," returned the Hibernian. "for when I was inoculated ten years since, it took the first time."

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, August 30.

FROM THE DAILY PRINTS.

It is a painful and melancholy part of our duty, to announce the loss of the ship *Rose in Bloom*, capt. Barker, on her passage from Charleston to this port. She upset in the storm on Sunday last, off Barnegat; and, of forty-eight persons

who were on board of her at the time of the accident, twenty one perished. The survivors were taken off the wreck by the Brig Swift of St. John's, and arrived at this port on Wednesday.

The brig Lady Washington, from New Orleans, (arrived at quarantine on Wednesday evening) fell in with the schr. Olive Branch, bound from St Kitts, for New York, on Sunday last, bottom upwards, and took off the wreck, the capt. and one seaman; the remainder of the people unfortunately perished.

A melancholy accident happened in the river opposite Hudson on Thursday the 21st instant. In preparing to set two gentlemen ashore from the packet Amanda, capt. Keeler, of Albany, capt. Isaac Ferris, of New York, jumped over the stern into the boat, when but one of the tackles by which it was suspended, was cast off, and let but one end of the boat into the water, which threw Mr. Ferris into the river. The people on board instantly set the boat adrift, and threw over a hen coop and other things for his assistance, but the wind and tide drifted them from him, and he perished—in the presence of his wife and two children, who were passengers on board.

On Friday the 22d inst. a person fishing at a wharf in Brooklyn, finding his hook fast to something heavy on the bottom, used various contrivances to clear it, finally, he drew the line up gently, and was startled to find the dead body of a man affixed to it. Some marks of violence appeared on the body, and a person with whom he had been in company on the preceding evening, was apprehended, but no sufficient evidence being adduced, he was liberated.

Deaths in this city, during the preceding week, of the following diseases—Flux infantile 20, consumption 6, convulsions 6, teething 5, typhus fever 4, inflammation of the lungs 4, whooping cough 4, sprue 3, dropsy 2, drowned 2, epilepsy 2, casualty 1, [a woman who died in consequence of a scratch in her arm,] cholera morbus 1, debility 1, nervous fever 1, gravel 1, hives 1, intoxication 1, inflammation of the stomach 1, mortification of the bowels 1, small pox 1, sore throat 1, sudden death 1.—Men 16, women 10, boys 25, girls 25—Total 76.
48 of the above were children.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Wilkins, at Ann's View, Haerlem, Simon Fraser, Esq. of Berbice, to Miss Maria Barclay, daughter of the British Consul General.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Kuyfers, Mr. William Beck, merchant, to Miss Eliza Hunt, daughter of Mr. Jam. Hunt, all of this city.

On Sunday afternoon, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Daniel Tyler, to Miss Catharine Ellis, both of this city.

At Newark, on Saturday evening, by the rev. Dr. M. Whorter, Mr. Samuel Rothben Holmes, merchant of this city, to Miss Susan Banks, daughter of David Banks, esq.

Same place, Mr. Jacob Le Grange, to Miss Martha Preble, both of Hamilton.

At Albany, Mr. Thomas M. Auley, L. L. prof. in Union College, to Miss Mary Magoffin, of that city.

TO THE LADIES.

STEPHEN CAVE,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS

AND THE PUBLIC,

That he has commenced LADIES' SHOEMAKING, in all its branches, at No. 285 Broadway, where may be had SILK, KID and MOROCCO SHOES, of every description, and of the newest fashion. He hopes by strict attention to all commands in his line, to give satisfaction to those who may feel disposed to encourage a young beginner.

N. B. Orders in the above line, thankfully received, and strictly attended to.

July 19

3m.

A NEW NOVEL.

This Day is Published, by

I. RILEY, & C.

NO. 1, CITY-HOTEL, BROADWAY,

PRICE 1 DOLLAR.

A NEW NOVEL, BY MISS EDGEWORTH,

CALLED,

LEONORA.

The work is handsomely printed, comprising the two volumes of the English edition.

The popular Tales and other works of Miss Edgeworth, have already gained her the high estimation of the public. She here undertakes a species of writing she had never before attempted. From her present production, her literary reputation derives no inconsiderable accession. The style of this novel possesses a peculiar felicity of diction. It combines vivacity, elegance, and energy; nor is the design entitled to less commendation. This work displays and refutes the Latitudinarian principles which certain pretended philosophers have of late attempted to introduce into the fashionable female world. Few Novels have a stronger tendency to promote correct opinions, and the cause of virtue: none can boast of a style more polished or attractive.

July 19.

4

A NEW BRITISH THEATRE.

With Biographical and Critical remarks on each play,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

NOW publishing in London, in numbers of a royal 18 mo size, and for sale in New York only, by E. SARGEANT, & Co 39 Wall street, and J. OSBORN 13 Park; who have contracted with the proprietors for a part of the edition. Price thirty seven and a half cents a number.

The first ten numbers have just been received, and the following numbers, which are publishing with great expedition, will be shipped from London by every opportunity.

This work, which will form, beyond all comparison, the best collection of plays extant, will contain every play which keeps possession of the stage; and will include those of Colman, Cumberland, Holcroft, Inchbald, O'Keefe, Morton, Reynolds, and other modern authors, which have never appeared in any similar collection, the copy rights of which, have been purchased for the express purpose of introducing them into the present work. The whole will be printed under the authority of the manager's, from the prompter's copy, exactly as they are performed, and will hence prove a valuable acquisition to persons connected with the American Theatres.

It is intended to comprise the work in twenty-five volumes, each containing five plays, and at its conclusion, will be given title-pages, together with directions for arranging the plays.

The embellishments will be executed in the very best manner, by the first artists in London.

Another edition will shortly be received, (which may be had by such subscribers as prefer it, at six ty-three and a half cents) elegantly printed on superfine paper, with a portrait of the authors for each volume, and proof impressions of both the plays.

Booksellers will be supplied at a liberal discount on the retail prices.

July 19.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE

75 CENTS,

By J. OSBORN, at his Circulating Library, and Book Store, No. 13 Park,

A NEW AND EXCELLENT WORK, ENTITLED,

"THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED"

BY THE REV. JOHN OWEN.

DEDICATED TO

The Right Reverend BIELBY PROTEUS,

D. D. Lord Bishop of London.

This very valuable little work, has, within a short period, been five times printed in London, and is thus recommended by the Rev. T. F. Dibden, [author of "An Introduction to a knowledge of the best editions of the Greek and Latin classics"] in the translation of FENELON on the Education of Daughters.

"I recommend the sensible mother, who has really the happiness of her daughters at heart, to peruse and re-peruse the excellent observations on this head which are to be found in a little pamphlet, lately published by the Rev. Mr. OWEN, entitled, 'THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED.'"

July 19

5t

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT

OF

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, as superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well-known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s Camphor, 2s. 3s. do, Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s and 4s per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May 24, 1806.



REFLECTIONS

ON SEEING A SPIDER EXPIRING.

POOR helpless insect! hast thou then no friend,
Whose ready hand may ward off urgent fate?
No one who will to thee assistance lend
And give to life a little longer date?

Ah no! nor yet, canst thou expect to find
The boon of mercy thou so oft denied.
The sweetest virtue of the all-seeing Mind
Was banish'd thee by tyranny and pride.

How often hast thou spread thy silken charms,
To lure the wand'ring insect from its guard;
How often seiz'd it in thy cruel arms,
Nor waited justice's merciful award.

But now thy cruel tyranny is o'er,
And innocence is free'd from painful fear.
She now can sport, from thy soft arts secure,
Nor dread her enemy in ambush near.

Be such the fate of him whose treacherous heart
Is practised in the ways of winning guile;
Whose soft seducing arts conspire to part
The frowning parent from the weeping child.

Oh! could the proud seducer once but know
The peircing anguish of the parent's breast;
But feel his fair one's agonizing woe,
Say— could his guilty bosom taste of rest?

Not luxury's deceitful brilliant train,
Nor titled wealth his memory could ease;
The pomp of power would still be tried in vain;
Nor art can give the guilty conscience peace.

[The following affecting lines, it is said, were
written by a young lady not fourteen years of
age. They cannot fail to interest our fair readers.]

THE FLOWER GIRL'S CRY.

Come buy my wood hare-bells my cowslips come
buy!

O take my carnations, and jessamines sweet:
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes
should die,

All snatch'd, like myself, from their native
retreat.

O ye, who in pleasure and luxury live,
Whose bosoms would sink beneath half my
sad woes;

Ah! deign to my cry a kind answer to give,
And shed a soft tear for the fate of poor Rose.

Yet once were my days happy sweet and serene;
And once have I tasted the balm of repose:
But now on my cheek meagre famine is seen,
And anguish prevails in the bosom of Rose.

Then buy my wood hare-bells, my cowslips
come buy!

O take my carnations and jessamines sweet:
Lest their beauties should wither, their perfume
should die

All snatch'd, like myself, from their native
retreat.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe....FORA.

From the Monthly Mirror of 1797, we select the
following paragraph.

Should the male heir to the property
of the late Mr. Thelluson exist in eighty
years, the earliest period at which, by
the will, it is directed to be payable, he
will be entitled to receive *fourteen millions
four hundred thousand pounds sterling*, a
sum infinitely too great to be possessed
by a subject under any government.

A PHYSICIAN

Who lived in N—, visited a lady who
lived in E—. After continuing his vi-
sits for some time, the lady expressed an
apprehension, that it might be inconve-
nient for him to come so far on her ac-
count. 'Oh! madam,' replied the doc-
tor, 'I have another patient in this
neighbourhood, and by that means, you
know, *I kill two birds with one stone*'.

ANACHARSIS THE PHILOSOPHER.

When Croesus, king of Lydia, a most
wise prince, invited Anacharsis the phi-
losopher to come to his court, he wrote
thus of himself: "That although nature
had made him deformed, crook backed,
one-eyed, lame of a leg, a dwarf, and, as
it were, a monster among men; yet he
thought himself so monstrous in nothing,
as in that he had no philosopher in his
court and of his council.

FOLUS THE ACTOR.

When this famous *tragedian* was to
play such a part as required to be repre-
sented with remarkable passion, he privi-
ly brought in the urn and bones of his
dead son; whereby he so excited his
own passion, and was moved to deliver
himself with that efficacy both in words
and gesture, that he filled the whole thea-
tre with unfeigned lamentations and tears.

An Instance of Sublimity and Prudence.

A poor man in Paris being very hun-
gry, staid so long in a cook's shop, who
was dishing up meat, till his stomach was
satisfied with only the smell thereof.—
The choleric cook demanded of him to
pay for his breakfast. The poor man,
denied it: and the controversy was re-
ferred to the deciding of the next man who
should pass by, who chanced to be the
most notorious ideot in the whole city.—
He, on the relation of the matter, deter-
mined that the poor man's money should
be put betwixt two empty dishes, and the
cook should be recompensed with the
jingling of the poor man's money, as he
was satisfied with the smell of the cook's
meat; and this is affirmed by credible
writers as no fable, but an undoubted
truth.

GARRICK AND FOOTE.

When the bust of Garrick, of which
there are so many copies, was first made,
one of them was sent as a present to
Foote. Foote placed it on his bureau
and was counting some money before it,
when Garrick entered the room. "So,
Foote," says Garrick, "you are not a-
fraid that my head should form any de-
signs against your money?"—"No Davy,
answered Foote, "for your head has no
hands."

A heavy complaint has been made
against the writers of modern romances,
full of *ghosts, spirits, and murderers*. The
young ladies are so frightened as to be
afraid to sleep alone.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS
PER ANNUM...PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY.
THOSE WHO RECEIVE IT BY MAIL, TO PAY IN
ADVANCE.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CLOUGH,

NO. 149 PEARL-STREET, NEAR THE
T. COFFEE-HOUSE;